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ARTHA DRYLAND
OR
TRENGTH IN QUIETNESS.

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MARTHA DRYLAND:

OR,

STRENGTH IN QUIETNESS.

Brief Memorials of a Sunday-School Teacher.

BY

JAMES SPENCE, D.D.

MINISTER OF THE POULTRY CHAPEL, LONDON.

LONDON:

JOHN SNOW, 35, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLXII.

TO

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS

OF ENGLAND,

These Memorials

OF ONE WHOSE HIGHEST JOY WAS TO BE,

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE,

A FELLOW-LABOURER WITH THEM IN THEIR WORK OF FAITH AND LOVE,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

It has been said that "the more limited the sphere of a true and noble life, the more reason there is for making it public." If this is true, all who knew the subject of the following memorials would admit the claim of her life to some permanent record. More than a year had elapsed after Miss Dryland's decease before the thought of any such record was seriously entertained. The publication of these brief memorials, therefore, is not the result of any sudden impulse excited by partial affection or acute sorrow, but of a conviction in the minds of many, that some notice of the life of one whose motto pre-eminently was, "For me to live is Christ," and who "in quietness and confidence" found "strength" to work for Him, would prove useful to others. With this view and hope, this little volume is sent forth in humble dependence on the blessing of Him who is "our Life," and whose life is our Light.

December, 1861.

STRENGTH IN QUIETNESS:

Memorials of a Sunday-school Teacher.

CHAPTER I.

LEARNING.

"Oh! say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.
Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.
Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear and mother mild
Instructed day by day?"—KEBLE.

THESE words may fitly introduce the memorials of one who "from a child knew the Holy Scriptures," and who from her birth was the subject of much parental solicitude and many prayers.

Martha Dryland was born in London, on Lord's-day, November 23rd, 1823. Her parents were both eminently pious, and took the deepest interest in the spiritual instruction and training of their offspring. They often took their children individually apart, lovingly and earnestly to pray with and for them. At the early age of seven, Martha was deprived of her father by death, and was thus left entirely to the care of her mother. How faithfully God enabled her to fulfil this trust will abundantly appear. Martha was always full of grateful acknowledgment for what she owed to her mother's prayers and instruction, and to the very close of her life loved to speak, with the fondest affection, of her influence and excellence. In the spring of 1832, Mrs. Dryland removed to Chatham Place, Hackney, and Martha, now in her tenth year, was, in the following August, sent to a school in the neighbourhood. It appears that the lady to whose care she was committed, while admirably adapted as an instructress of the young, had a still higher concern for their spiritual interests, and sought not merely to qualify her pupils for the successful and intelligent discharge of the duties of this life, but especially to lead them to decision for Christ, while under her influence and instruction. Next to the influence of her mother, per-

haps, to that of this lady, so far as instrumentality is concerned, Martha owed much of what she afterwards became. And as she was then only a day-pupil, she had the advantage of the influence and counsel both of her parent and her teacher. Her mother, known and loved as a woman of unusual Christian excellence, had a large circle of pious friends, who were calculated, in the freedom of Christian intercourse, to have a beneficial influence upon the children. Mrs. Dryland's home was a fond resort of Christian ministers, a meeting-place for many of God's people who came up from all parts of the country to London, on business or duty in connection with the kingdom of the Messiah. Thus from her infancy Martha was accustomed to see frequently under her mother's roof such well-known men and missionaries as Medhurst, Moffat, Knill, and others; and a child of such quick perception and keen intelligence as she was, while she always attracted their notice, could not fail to catch some beneficial impression from their society.

It was in 1836, when in her thirteenth year, that Miss Dryland seems to have begun earnestly to give her thoughts to divine realities. About that time she gave evidence

of being under the influence of deep religious feeling, and a little memorandum found amongst her mother's papers contains an expression of thankfulness to God "that her dear little one was seeking Jesus." Thus early did the truth begin to work in her youthful heart.

In the beginning of 1838, she left home for a boarding-school at Richmond, Surrey. Here the impressions already existing were deepened, and separation from the sacred and cherished influences of her home seems to have led to a fuller trust in the Saviour, and to the desire to avow herself amongst His disciples. How cheering to a pious mother to receive such a letter as the following, which Martha wrote while she was at this school at Richmond:—

"MY VERY DEAR MAMMA,—I have at last determined to write to you upon a very important subject. I have often thought of it, but many things have prevented me: it is, that I very much wish to join this Church. I have often longed to join Dr. Burder's, and sit down with you at the table of the Lord, but for some time I was afraid, and when I did make up my mind I found you were going to leave Hackney. But now I seem to be settled down here, at

least for a year, and I cannot bear the thought of being a stranger to those privileges which I have for so long wished to enjoy. Perhaps you will think I had better wait till I am settled at Hackney; but then I shall be excluded from those privileges for so long.. I know that it requires much thought, and I have thought much of it. I know that here I am exposed to many temptations, and if I join the Church there will be many who will be watching my conduct to see if they can find that which they can call hypocritical or inconsistent; but I desire to lean on Jesus, and He has promised to keep all those who put their trust in Him. I have not said anything to any one here, neither shall I till I receive an answer from you, my beloved mamma. I have asked Miss C—— to allow me to attend the Church-meeting on Thursday, and she has kindly consented. I hope you will answer soon, as I am continually thinking of it, and am very anxious. I hope that God will not allow me to do anything that will bring dishonour on His name. If you think that I had better wait till I have left school, as I may then be better acquainted with the nature of the privilege, I shall be very willing so to do, as I am sure that you will not decide hastily and without thought, and you

must know how many things I must have to contend with.

"Believe me to remain,

"Your affectionate child,

"MARTHA."

One feature of Martha's character, of a very pleasing kind, appears in this note. I refer to the filial and loving desire to consult the wishes of her parent, and to submit to her decision. This, as long as her mother lived, grew up as a sacred principle with Miss Dryland; and in her subsequent life, obedience to parents became a duty constantly urged by her on all the young people who came under her instruction.

During her stay at Richmond, she began to give the highest evidence of the Christian life, in growing desire and effort to do good to others. She was made the instrument of the conversion of one or more of her school-fellows to the Lord Jesus, and a little note, which has been found in pencil amongst her mother's papers, will show the spirit of humility in which she commenced her efforts for the spiritual welfare of others and the honour of her Saviour:—

"DEAREST MAMMA,—When you asked me in

what way I thought Lydia had been brought to a knowledge of the truth, I told you it was through a conversation with one of her associates. I could not tell you who, but I thought I could write it. It was one Saturday afternoon, she had been telling me of the conversion of her cousin Annie, and I took that opportunity of speaking affectionately to her, and it is from that conversation that she dates her conversion. I entrust it to you; I know you will not mention it.

"Your attached,

"MARTHA."

It was in January, 1839, during the Christmas holidays that she gave herself to the people of God by public profession, and was received as a member of the Church at St. Thomas's Square, Hackney, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. H. F. Burder, D.D.

It is usual in some Nonconforming Churches for the candidates for communion to write a letter to the pastor, giving some account of their religious thoughts and feelings, and a statement of the reasons why they wish to connect themselves with the Church of Christ, and confess His name. The following letter was written to Dr. Burder, by Martha, on the

occasion of her application for communion with the church under his care:—

"January 9th, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It is with great pleasure that, according to your request, I write a few lines to you, relative to my motives for seeking admission to the Church, in order that I might be a participant in the delightful privileges which are enjoyed by the people of God.

"I have been the subject of religious impressions for some time, and they have been deepened by attendance at the house of God and various other means, but more especially by the kind guidance of a pious parent. I have enjoyed the unspeakable privilege of having parents who early directed me in the ways of religion, and being thus gently led to the Saviour, and having the truths of the Bible continually brought before my mind, it is difficult to determine when I received Jesus as my Saviour. I can recollect the time when prayer was a burden, the Bible never read with delight, and the services of the house of God uninteresting; but, though there has been no sudden change in my feelings, I trust my heart is renewed by the Spirit of God. I feel that I am a sinner, and that without the blood of

Jesus applied to my heart, to cleanse it from sin, I shall be lost for ever. But the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and I humbly hope He has pardoned my sin, sanctified me by His Holy Spirit, and accepted me as His child. Communion with God is my most delightful employ, and a day in His courts is to me better than a thousand spent elsewhere. I have often consecrated myself to God in secret, and acknowledged my love to Jesus at the throne of grace; but now I desire publicly to make an entire surrender of my heart to Him, and profess my love to Him, and my desire henceforth to live entirely devoted to His service. I have received much encouragement from your addresses to the spectators on the first Sunday of the month, and scarcely ever have I returned from the house of God on those occasions without earnest desires to be a partaker of the blessings which are there enjoyed. I know that, should I be permitted to join the Church, I shall have much cause for watchfulness and prayer, especially when I return to school; but I do not trust in my own strength, for I have often found that has failed; I look to Jesus who has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' and I trust He will give me grace to persevere to the end. These are the motives I have for wishing

to become a commemorator of the dying love of Jesus; and should you be willing to receive me, I trust God will enable me to walk worthy of the profession I have made, all the days of my life.

"Wishing you, my dear sir, every blessing which you need, that your health may be renewed, that your valuable life may be spared many years, and that when you have finished your earthly course, you may triumphantly enter upon the rest prepared for you above,

"I remain, my dear sir,

"Your affectionate young friend,

"MARTHA DRYLAND."

In June, 1839, Mrs. Dryland removed from Hackney to Peckham, and to the new home of the family there Martha came, when she finally left school in 1840. Here the ministry of the late Rev. Dr. Collyer was occasionally enjoyed, but only when circumstances prevented Mrs. Dryland from going with her family to Hackney, for attachment to the church at St. Thomas's Square, and to the ministry of its pastor, forbade the severance of the tie which bound them to Hackney. In 1842, however, circumstances led to the return of the family to Hackney, where they took up their abode in

London Fields. This removal brought Martha again into connection with that circle of friends who had previously been in the habit of visiting her mother. Old friendships were renewed and strengthened, and new associations formed, which tended much to the holy and healthful development of the spiritual life of the subject of our memorial. Previous to this, Martha had been occasionally engaged in Sunday-school teaching, but it was now that she commenced regularly that work to which, during the remainder of her earthly life, she devoted so earnestly and successfully all her powers. This brought her into connection with a few chosen friends, in whose fellowship she found both holy stimulus and loving solace. One of these friends, Miss G——, perhaps the most cherished because the most congenial of all, became superintendent of the infant department of the Sunday-school, and with her, for the next seven years, Martha, though not in the same department of school-service, was intimately associated in works of faith and labours of love. This friend says, regarding her first introduction to Miss Dryland:—

"It was in the spring of 1843 that I first met dear Martha Dryland, in Dr. Burder's drawing-room, at Hackney. The sparkling

hazel eye, the profusion of glossy black ringlets, the beaming smile, at once attracted me, as Dr. B—— led her to a chair by my side. Ere the evening closed, a felt congeniality induced on either side a desire for increased acquaintance.

"In that evening a friendship began with which no after circumstances interfered—a sunny friendship, over which never passed one fleecy cloud, nor even the thin haze that dims though it may not intercept. Recently removed with my family to H——, a sense of isolation and desolation, inseparable from the first sundering of the ties of childhood's home and early scenes, was greatly mitigated by the kind welcome given by not a few of the flock of our future pastor. But it was accorded to him and to Martha to be the primary agents in binding up the bleeding heart, and exchanging the spirit of heaviness for the garment of praise. Those who knew these friends will readily understand how this came to pass. Some souls there are who seem formed by the Lord of life to cast with unfailing hand the oil upon the troubled waters. But recently raised from lengthened confinement to a couch of weakness, I found my first seat for many a year in a Sabbath-school, exactly opposite Martha's class. She was a study to me. Her cheerful serious-

ness, her smiling recognition of each fresh arrival, the kind yet firm expression of her wish and purpose, her look rather than word when reproof was needed, her happy method of keeping her pupils employed, her lively interest in the subject in hand, and her total absorption in her present work, soon enabled me to decipher what at first puzzled me, viz., the reverential quiet with which those lively girls regarded the few moments of silent devotion which their teacher always spent after taking her seat, the ready obedience manifested, the order that prevailed, and the regularity of their attendance. The love that begets respect and consideration was there. Yes, the secret spring that set the machinery in motion was love; a love that dwelt deep in the teacher's heart, influencing week, as well as Sabbath days, which animated her whole being, and made her class a constant subject for thought, effort, and prayer."

For seven years Martha continued to labour in Hackney as a Sunday-school teacher, with a devotedness and a success such as few attain. The spirit in which she prosecuted her work, and some of the workings of her inner life at this period, will appear from her own letters. In a letter to her superintendent, Miss T——, she says:—

"While I do rejoice with you in the success that attends your labours, I can but mourn when I contrast it with the state of my own class. There all is indifference, and though outward order is pleasurable, there is but little real interest, and I fear less real good. And do you ask how is this? Ah, I have not far to go for the answer. Could you know the half-heartedness, the prayerlessness, the mechanical method of my teaching, you would not wonder at my want of success. I find it is one thing to talk about good teaching, to form nice plans, to be anxious for prayer-meetings, and apparently interested in the school, and another thing to be a humble, devoted, consistent, prayerful labourer. And this I feel I am not. Oh, how does my heart sink within me when I look at what a teacher should be, and what I myself am. I often resolve, but my improvement ends there, and much as I am interested in my work, I sometimes have feared lest I am taking the place of another who would teach far more effectively than myself. Do you ask me why I tell you all this? Just because I am afraid you do not know me, and you may mistake my saying so much at our meetings for proof of my interest as a teacher, when it is really because no one else will speak, and I cannot bear to see

you waiting, and no one speaking. I do feel interest in the school, I love its superintendent, and I fully sympathize with each—yes, I think, as far as they will let me, with each teacher, and every child in our school wears an aspect of interest to me; but when I think of all we heard to-night about the personal qualifications, I do feel that I fail most sadly. Perhaps you will tell me to make it a subject of prayer. Yes, I have this very night, and have determined to do so more constantly for the future, but, oh, how I tremble when I think how great is my responsibility, and how inefficiently I have filled my office. I do desire to set out afresh, and should I be spared to another Sabbath, would seek fresh aid from above, that I may teach with more ardour, and with more of the Spirit's unction. And this week I would seek to prepare more assiduously than I have ever yet done."

With such views of her work, and such feelings regarding herself, did Miss Dryland commence her efforts as a Sunday-school teacher. In this labour of love to which she so heartily and humbly gave herself, she learned much that ministered to the strength of her own spiritual life, and much that helped her to growing usefulness. Her humility deepened to

the very close of her life, forming a beautiful element in her character, so that she shrunk from letting others know what efforts she made, or what success she had, and gratefully ascribed all the glory to her Lord and Master.

CHAPTER II.

GROWING.

"Celestial King! Oh, let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there
And owes its being to the gazer's eye."

LONGFELLOW.

SURROUNDED by such friends, bound by such ties, as we have named, to the house and the people of God, and engaged so devotedly in active usefulness, it might be expected that Miss Dryland's piety, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, would take deep root in her soul, and show rare force and fruitfulness. The evidences of progress in her Christian life were no less remarkable than beautiful. It was her aim and prayer to grow up into her Lord and Master in all things. Occasional seasons of illness, through the blessing of her heavenly Father, tended also to mellow her spirit, and to give her character holy strength and beauty. The development of

her piety, and the prominent features of her Christian character, will best appear in extracts from her letters.

To Miss G——.

"Gosport, May, 1848.

"It is not often that I write to you on a Sunday. I am happy that in general I have not five minutes that I could conscientiously spare for this purpose from the duties of the day. But to-day it is different. Would that it were not. I have just had a little time alone —the first such to-day—and as it was the hour when many so dear to me were uniting in our teachers' prayer-meeting, I felt thankful that though separated in person, I could join them in spirit in earnest supplications for those schools so dear to our hearts.

"And now I feel strongly inclined to tell my dear friend that, notwithstanding outward circumstances have been very unpropitious for spiritual enjoyment, yet I have had a somewhat happy day. Not a joyous Sabbath, but one of sorrow for sin, and of thankfulness that Jesus was speaking to me, 'I even, I am He that healeth your backslidings.' I hope I am not mistaking and confusing feelings of sadness at absence from my class, with holier emotions, but I must remember what I am so often telling

others, viz., not to dwell on feelings. No, I will rather seek to realize that Jesus is an ever-present Guide, leading me back to Himself whenever I sinfully wander."

To Miss G——.

"Ryde, 1848.

"You are glad to find that I am so 'comfortable' at Ryde. What say you to hear that that word is far beneath the character of the enjoyment of my present circumstances? The beauties of the place are sufficient to fill every bodily sense with exquisite enjoyment—the deep blue sea, and all around like a garden. 'Tis true I have no particular friend here, but I am moving in a place which contains many a heart that beats in unison, and *I* know this and enjoy it, though such know not me.

"If I begin to speak of the minister, or rather of the effect that his sermons are producing on my mind, I shall not know how to stop. I will, therefore, only ask you when you think of your friend Martha at a throne of grace, to send up a fervent, believing prayer that the deep impressions made, and the sacred influences felt, may result in a far more holy life than she has ever yet lived, and far more nearness to Christ and love to Him than she

has ever yet realized. It is as if my heavenly Father had placed His poor weak plant in a soil of richest mould, and was sending down now His soft showers to revive, now His enlivening sun's rays to draw upwards the stalk out of which He fain would cause to bud the flower whose fragrance shall be emitted around."

To Miss G——.

"London Fields, 1849.

"I hope, dearest friend, that anxiety is not preventing your reaping benefit from the sea-air. It is not quite so dark to me as it was a little ago. I see how you can still help the school by prayer, and I quite see how plain is your path to give up working. Therefore you need not fear; God will choose out some one to supply your place. But there is far more in this trial than even the prosperity of the school. There is the *giving it up*, the passing loved occupations over to another—yes, and more than that; I mean the difficulty of really *feeling* that such is *best*. When thinking over it, and one seems to have arrived at a submissive view, and is about from the heart to say, 'I welcome *all* thy sovereign will,' a secret rising is felt; a consciousness that the spirit would gladly fling off the restraint which affliction

has enforced. May it be yours to know nothing of the trial of restlessness under the hand of God! But if you *do* know the feelings too sinful to clothe in words, for in words they would cause the colour to mount to the cheeks—if you *have* this trial in addition to anxiety, and depression, and weakness, oh! how deeply can I sympathize, and how earnestly do I pray that you may at last, though it may be with great struggle, overcome and crush the smallest risings against the procedure of heaven! What will it all be when viewed in the light of eternity? And even now how easy to bear, if it result in your being more holy, and enjoying more of your Saviour's presence. Last Sunday was such a feast-day. It has somewhat relieved my mind, for I had feared that the services of the sanctuary had lost somewhat of their power to me. But I found that when Christ was the one subject, my heart soon was warmed."

Martha never had a robust constitution, and occasionally, before her health finally gave way, she had seasons of temporary affliction and separation from her cherished employment. To her indisposition and weakness she sometimes alluded, but not often, and then generally with the view

of expressing sympathy with others or exciting them to spiritual thoughtfulness:—

To Miss G——.

"Brighton, August, 1849.

"I am much stronger just now; but at such a time as this, what is health? In a few hours we may be gone. Oh, that I could feel I am ready at any time. I cannot wish to be free from fear of the prevailing disease until I can certainly say, 'for me to die is gain.' I felt self-condemned on Sabbath when singing that hymn,

"Oh, Zion, when I think on Thee."

I want to say all that from my heart."

To Miss G——.

"November, 1849.

"There is a little sentence I met with some time ago which I put in my Bible, and as I often see it when about to read (as just now, it being very early), I think how it would suit you; for though in very plain words, I fancy there is a meaning which you would appreciate; so before I read further, I put it down, that it may be ready when I next write to you: 'The soul that loves Christ, and loves to be with Him, loves to go and tell Him so.'"

To Miss G——.

"London Fields, 1849.

"I feel I am bearing a cross now. To be constantly reminded, by failure of strength, that I must not do as I was wont, is sometimes trying; but I have so much mercy mingled, that I ought to be filled with gratitude. I have just enough suffering to keep me in remembrance that I am frail, and not enough to render my life uncomfortable. My only fear is lest I should not be improving this time of retirement. It is so much easier to think of 'sanctified affliction' than to realize it; to admire resignation in theory and in others, than to *feel* it ourselves! May you be strengthened in your work by Him who has so graciously supported you; and by and by may you find many a ransomed spirit among the throng that surround the throne, that dates the commencement of its spiritual life to instructions given by you. Oh, honour of all honours most to be envied—that of being the instrument of leading souls to Christ!"

In consequence of the enfeebled health to which she thus refers, visits to the country for change and relaxation became a necessity. Yet wherever she went, to Ryde, to Brighton,

to Epsom, or to Tunbridge Wells, she carried with her the same spirit of holy zeal, and the same anxiety to embrace every opportunity of doing good to others. In this way, too, it was her privilege to meet with many of the Lord's people of all denominations; and it was enough to secure her interest, sympathy, and love, for any whom she met to bear the evidence of Christian discipleship. Intimacies formed under these circumstances frequently ripened into lasting friendship, and gradually came to involve an amount of correspondence which, in addition to her own proper work, was more than her feeble frame could well bear.

In 1850, a great trial came upon her in the decided failure of her mother's health. It was therefore determined to give up the home at Hackney, and for a time to take up a temporary abode at such places as might be recommended, or as might be most convenient. The breaking up of the old associations was deeply felt; but the path of duty was so plain that not a murmur was allowed. Nothing could well have been a greater trial to Martha than separation from her class, in each member of which she took the deepest personal interest; but the surrender was at once made with humble acquiescence in that will which

so clearly marked out the way in which to go. Accordingly, in July of that year, they went to stay at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Here Miss Dryland's health for the first time seriously broke down, so that she who had come to nurse her mother, required for herself watchful care. On this account, and as Ryde was found inconveniently distant from friends, Epsom was selected as another temporary abode, to which they went in October, and remained till the following spring. At Epsom, Martha's illness assumed a still more serious aspect; for a time her life was despaired of, but through the goodness of her heavenly Father, and his blessing on medical skill and care, she rallied so far as apparently to regain her accustomed health and energy. In the autumn of the year 1851, Mrs. Dryland and her daughter went to Tunbridge Wells, where, in addition to a circle of friends, to some of whom they were much attached, they had the great enjoyment of being near their former pastor, Dr. Burder, who had retired from the pastorate, and was residing at that attractive place. Their short stay there was thus hallowed by much Christian intercourse, and proved a season of unusual spiritual joy. Some glimpses of Miss D.'s spiritual life about this time may be gathered from the

following passages from some of her letters to friends:—

To Miss G——.

"1851.

"How earnestly have I longed to be with you in this illness, but God saw it best that we should be separated, and we know His love is so great, and He so delights to exercise it in letting us have as much enjoyment as He possibly can consistently with our spiritual health, that we cannot murmur, or scarcely wish it otherwise. But lately, dear friend, I have had a fancy that we shall meet perhaps this spring. I seem to think that circumstances will keep us near London perhaps till you travel homewards. But this is only a dream perhaps, and we must only wish for it in entire acquiescence with our Father's will. How much, dearest, can I understand about finding out that 'death was not fully welcomed.' That has been my feeling in past times; but only think, dearest, how great the benefit of such a discovery, how it should stir us up. At present, dear friend, you are not strong enough for me to write about this. Till you get better we will talk of the sweetness of feeling that Jesus will 'work all His will in us,' that we may trust Him to 'perfect that which concerneth us,' and have but to pray, 'forsake

not the work of thine own hands,' Ps. cxxxviii. At present I dare say you feel the very thought of exertion oppressive, but not so the assurance that God will work all His will in us, and can repose on His promise that 'having begun a good work in you, He will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.' I too, dear friend, have been making some discoveries of unsubdued sin, which have startled me, and sometimes shaken me on the point of whether my religion is real, though it has not been in the hour of sickness, as an unusual share of health has been enjoyed by me."

To Miss G——.

"1852.

"In illness it does not seem so easy to cling to Jesus solely, to realize His presence, as sometimes in times of health. But this afternoon I have been to Jesus as for the first time. I find that the safest way when I seem to have nothing to rest upon. I think you know what it is to feel that past experience will not do; nothing we are in ourselves, or that we have done or can do. This morning at the ordinance I thought it was all very beautiful, but how could I tell it was for me? This afternoon I have been entering more fully into it, and reading over some of 'Clarke's Selections of Promises

in Reference to Justification, Pardon,' etc., and now I feel more calm."

To Miss G——.

"Brixton, May 4th, 1852.

"How sweet is Christian friendship, but perhaps to few so sweet as to us. Month after month has my spirit sighed for a Christian friend, and yet methinks if the boon were granted and it resulted in lessened confiding in our heavenly Friend, I should as earnestly wish it withdrawn. I do not know if you see the 'Christian Treasury.' There are some remarks in that on Christian intercourse. Now I find it does greatly revive me; but then ought not love to Jesus to burn as brightly when shut out from all such helps, if it is genuine? Do you know what it is to come away from some earnest practical Christian, and feel, 'Oh, that I could attain his simple faith, humble hope, earnest love. I must pray more. I must strive after it. If he has it, why not I?' Well, dear friend, but then I think, is that love of holiness in itself, or love of the Christian? I feel that I ought to have more to do with God, so that if there were no other being living, I should be as happy, as holy. I am reading with great in-

terest a book entitled 'Faith Exemplified in the Life and Times of David.' I there see that the life of faith is something deeper than what I too often think it, and yet 'tis the simplest thing imaginable. The faith which looks simply to God, yes, and *direct* to Him, without taking side views at this system and that doctrine—taught by our church, or our pastors, or Christian friends. This is what I want. The faith which, while it is ready to receive helps whenever it can find them, is never found resting in them; the faith which is never baffled because Omnipotence is its support, as God is its object. Dear friend, I begin to think I must be more simple. How much time have I spent in thinking, is this right, and that? and how will these two doctrines agree? etc. I want to follow the truth, as it is revealed by faith—faith *trusting* to God's teaching as to the true meaning of His own rule for our guidance and faith, trusting to His power promised to enable us to follow where He leads. And the same with regard to my own personal religion. Faith in Christ as a Saviour, as my Saviour, instead of so much seeking after faith in my own acceptance of Him. I was much struck the other day with that passage, 'I know whom I have be-

lieved,' etc. How I have almost exclusively thought of that text as a proof of the apostle's knowledge that he was a Christian, and so it is, but not in the way I have generally thought. I thought, 'Oh that I knew I had such faith; oh that I knew I believed on Jesus;' but I now see it was not so much *his faith* in Christ as that he knew the *object* of his faith. He knew Jesus; he knew His ability to save, bless, etc., and that was enough. Now do not I know this? Really I seemed as if I could adopt the wondrously beautiful words; and instead of stopping at the threshold of the sentence, to turn it into a prayer for faith that I may know I believe in Jesus, I could say, 'I know Him, His power, His ability.' I do not know whether it would strike another mind, but to me it seems as if thinking more of it as the object of faith lessened the difficulty. I know Him to be this, and then how easy, in comparison, to add, 'I have believed.' Depend upon it, dear Mary, I have been very often going on very wrong, making my amount of faith a reason why I should suppose myself a Christian, and if I don't take care I shall soon be doing so again. 'Tis only now and then I get a view of the question from this side; when I do, oh, how blessed! how sweet! 'tis nothing

in me, not my faith, my love, my prayer; 'tis Jesus; all Him—His; but soon the vision vanishes, or rather the reality, is clouded, and again I am saying 'Can I be a Christian?'"

As the winter approached they returned to the neighbourhood of London, and located themselves for a time at Streatham. Here Mrs. Dryland became a constant invalid, requiring all Martha's care and attention; and the truth gradually forced itself on her mind that the time of separation from her mother was drawing near. This could not be otherwise than a painful prospect, and often produced in Martha deep depression. Yet never in her mother's presence did she give way, even to the appearance of such a feeling. As Mrs. D.'s health gradually declined, the whole of her daughter's attention and energy were required in the sick chamber, and was given with the spirit of true filial love and self-sacrifice. In June, 1852, they returned to Tunbridge Wells, where Mrs. D., after three months' continued suffering and growing feebleness, ended her course, and entered on her eternal rest.

Placing the most implicit confidence in the medical attendant, Martha requested him to tell her candidly every unfavourable symptom in

her mother's case, and specially when he apprehended immediate danger. Accordingly, on the morning of her decease he told Miss Dryland his fears, and she at once telegraphed his apprehensions to London, so that her brothers were able to reach Tunbridge Wells in time to receive their mother's last farewell, and to see her fall asleep in Jesus. In this bereavement, though deeply trying, Martha's self-possession never forsook her, and at her own request she remained alone at the Wells till the day of the funeral. A beloved friend of Miss Dryland, who had much personal intercourse with her between the death and burial, says that, while the depth of Martha's grief was unmistakeable, she was full of affectionate care for the comfort of others, and would not relinquish a little season daily apportioned to the promotion of the spiritual welfare of the young people of the house in which she was lodging. Only once did she appear completely overwhelmed as she and her friend knelt by the coffin's side; but even then she soon regained composure, and exchanged the voice of petition that had failed to be fully uttered, for words of praise to Him who had given to one so beloved the victory. In reference to this trial, the loss of the parent who was at once her guide, and the object of her

tenderest solicitude, she says, in a letter to a friend, written a few weeks afterwards:—

To Miss D——.

"York Terrace.

"Yes, I could say, 'All is well' then, and I can say it now. In your last note you ask if I was prepared for the result. I have been aware for the last two or three months that there was a change, and yet it seemed not improbable that my mother might remain for years. But the result of examination tells us that had life continued, it must have been spent in increasing suffering, and therefore we could not wish it otherwise. I remember the extract in Winslow; it is very refreshing. I have had much kindness from all around, and many kind letters. This is the first to which I have replied; for I have felt it important to keep quite calm, as I have had much to attend to; and besides, had my brother not known that I was so, he would have felt so much more anxiety on my account. I have, therefore, avoided everything, which was not really necessary, that would arouse thoughts and feelings which my present lonely position is so apt to produce. I have to bless God for a calm trust in Him, and it is seldom that He permits me to feel the

full sadness which otherwise might overwhelm me. But of this I must not speak now. I find that the evening hours are the most trying; and though our Jane comes creeping softly into my sitting-room, and kindly asks if she shall sit with me a little, yet I find it very difficult to suppress the rising tear as I look at the empty sofa and feel I have no mother."

Shortly after the death of her mother, Miss Dryland took up her abode in London with her brother, who was in business in the City. Here she connected herself with the Church of Christ worshipping in the Poultry Chapel, and at once gave herself to active labour for the good of others.

A class of young females, mostly domestic servants, had just been deprived of their teacher by her removal from the City, and Miss Dryland was appointed to succeed her. It was, of course, in this sphere that my acquaintance with her began, early in 1854. There was something in her appearance, in her placid and expressive countenance, in her quiet demeanour, in the keen glance of her dark eye, and the evident earnestness of her spirit, that could hardly fail to attract even a stranger; and that which at first might be a feeling of unusual interest,

soon passed when opportunities of acquaintance were enjoyed, into admiration and affection. And here, once for all, I may be allowed to say that often in my public ministry and pastoral labours have I been encouraged, cheered, and stimulated by the example and converse of Martha Dryland. Rarely does it fall to the lot of a Christian minister to have such a labourer amongst the members of his flock, one so thoroughly devoted to the good of others for the glory of her Master. She did not always think her pastor right, and sometimes, but with the greatest humility, she would tell him so. Yet this rendered intercourse with her so much the more valuable, and gave to her love the weight of a principle more than the effervescence of a feeling. Her character, however, as a friend, a Christian disciple, and a Sunday-school teacher will appear better from her own letters than from any statements of mine. The dates of the letters are given as far as practicable; but as many are without dates, and some were written in pencil, it has been found impossible to be strictly chronological in their order.

To Miss G——.

"You would have loved to hear our minister this morning speaking about the sympathy of

Jesus, companionship of Jesus, friendship of Jesus, in comparison of earthly friends. It made me think of that wonderful sentence uttered by Mr. Hewitson, 'I am better acquainted with the Lord Jesus than with any other friend.' Thus it should be, and when we remember how He has laid His heart open to us in His Word, it seems that we might attain to this acquaintance. Our friends we can only know as they let us know them. But Jesus is all reality, and if the Spirit reveal Him, what may we not know?"

TO HER PASTOR.

"June, 1856.

"How calming to you must be the remembrance that every circumstance of your daily life is arranged for you by your Father in heaven, with reference to your being made a 'partaker of His holiness.' We speak of the headache, which unfits for mental exertion, as the result of over-excitement, or the weariness which prevents the active working for Christ as the effect of over-exertion, but in our inmost spirit we feel that such things are but the loving hand of our Saviour gently laid upon us, while He reminds us that He has other ways in which we may prove our love to Him, even by the quiet relinquishment of our desires, and the cheerful

readiness to glorify Him in silent waiting before Him. This is oftentimes His mode of preparing us for increased usefulness, and we are thus led to bless Him for that which at the time seemed a barrier to our work for Him.

"And then, too, how precious are the lessons we learn when checked for a little in our busy labours. How we find out that God can do His work just as well without us as with us, or He would not have laid us aside, and when we return to our loved occupation, how we thank Him that He permits us to do anything for Him. Just as you, my dear pastor, let your little one do something for you which you could accomplish as easily alone, simply to give pleasure to your child, so our Father, seeing how we like to be employed for Him, allows us to use the spiritual energy, which seasons of special communion with Him in retirement have imparted, in promoting His glory. 'Tis in this state of mind that we can bear to have much success, for we are too full of humble gratitude that we are permitted to work at all, to admit or cherish Satan's suggestion of how much good we are doing."

To Miss G——.

"Bishopgate Street, 1856.

"Many thanks, dearest, for your last. It found me laid aside for a little, but I am quite well again now. Would that spiritual health kept equal pace, but the older I get, the more I see how very little progress I am making; that is, in *real* religion. Of course, Christian principle becomes stronger. Habit comes in to its aid, and increasing age gives stability to one's purposes, etc., but all this is but the framework. 'Tis the inner life one wants to see progressing—conscious union to Christ *at all times realized.*"

To Miss G——.

"July, 1856.

"Does it not soothe, when passing through physical weakness or mental disquietude, to think that Jesus knows it all, and is permitting it, sending it for our future good. Think, dearest, if God raises you up from your present weakness, what energy will mark your future course, drawn from the remembrance of how things looked when nearing, as you thought, eternity."

To Miss G——.

"1857.

"Friendship with Jesus! Dear Mary, this

is what I want to know. I do not seem satisfied with present hopes and experiences. Fellowship with Jesus must mean something which satisfies, and 'tis for this I yearn; to feel that I could be quite happy were I alone in this world, if only Jesus were with me. I have been thinking very much about this lately. Perhaps one cause may be because I have been finding out what I knew before, how unsatisfactory earthly friendship may prove; *i. e.*, how we place dependence on others for example, for stimulus, etc., and find that they are but frail and erring. Last Sunday we had a sermon from, 'But when the Comforter is come,' etc., St. John, xv. 26. Our minister told us that the literal rendering of the word 'Comforter,' is 'one called to be beside another,' and the idea is that as Jesus had been ever with His disciples to guide, cheer, counsel, sympathize, so the Spirit would be ever present, now whispering consolation, and then imparting counsel."

To Miss G——.

"July, 1858.

"I cannot be thankful enough for the sphere in which God has placed me, for though I feel it is too much for my health, yet the opportunities of usefulness seem ever freshly opening.

Indeed, I sometimes fear lest I spend too much time on others, and too little on my own spiritual cultivation. I oftentimes am so busy all day with and for others, that meditation, and the more lengthened reading of God's Word, and prayer, get neglected, and yet I know that the power for real usefulness can only be gained in the closet. I have, since I have been here, been reading Foster's essay on 'A man writing the memoirs of himself,' and in reading what he says on the influences which form character, I thought at once of our season at Hackney, of our loved pastor, of our friendship, and all the happy hours connected with it. How much have you and I in past days, dearest Mary, helped to form each other's character. I like what he says so much on the influence we might get from more constant companionship with Jesus. It has stirred me up to try to seek it. Why do I spend so little time in thought of Him? Ah! 'tis deficient love. How I wish I could give you a view of all that interests me at home, and get a similar view from you, just to see the people in whose spiritual state we are taking interest, the faces which we have learnt to love, since we have been separated."

To Miss G——.

"August, 1858.

"This morning I was reading the 17th verse of 72nd Psalm, and was thinking how true it is that we may be happy—"blessed in Him." I thought of this one and that whom I love, but I felt, I can't quite confide in them. I don't feel quite sure that they know me, and I them. There will creep in now and then a slight misgiving, and this will produce a shutting into oneself. . . . . And we can unitedly give our testimony to the thoughts which followed on this morning, that Jesus is our best Friend. We meet in Him. Oh that He habitually dwelt in us! And how is my much-loved friend spiritually? Still resting on Jesus, and finding Him increasingly all she needs? My loved one, may you know this more and more! Other friends may love, but not like Him. In other friends you may take pleasure, but in Him only can you delight. What revelations of Him may you enjoy in your quiet chamber! I have met with a remark of Chalmers, 'We are in danger of being bustled out of our spirituality by the many engagements of life,' and how it comes home to me. We have had many visitors lately, and I have been but little alone. How sweet it would be if every Christian friend left a savour

of Christ. Somehow, if one drops a word of Him, it does not seem responded to. I have several times lately been struck with this. Conversation has been lively, but when a turn is given to something experimental in religion, a silence, or a simple assent, is all that follows, and you feel as if you were on different ground."

To Miss G——.

"1858.

"'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.' Is this possible, dearest Mary? Yes, it must be so; for Jesus Himself said it. But how astonishing it seems! Jesus knows all our vileness, all our backslidings, all our coldness, and yet He makes this assertion. And He knew, too, that it would be so little understood by us, that it was necessary to add, 'Continue ye in my love.' Had He not known us, He would have supposed that it was needless to say this, for did we fully take in His assertion how could we but continue in His love? Ah, dear friend, how we want to enter into the full meaning of this! Does any earthly friend express attachment to us, how quickly does our heart go out in love in return! Did we then fully understand our Saviour's mean-

ing, what intensity of love should we feel towards Him!"

To Miss G——.

"1858.

"I have just been seeking to renew my dedication to Jesus. I had got wrong, cold, careless, needing to take the first step afresh. '*As* thou hast believed,' said Jesus. Ah, what do we not lose through want of faith! and somehow the older I get the less faith I seem to have. My evidences of being a Christian, instead of getting stronger, seem to get weaker, and I am obliged constantly to begin at the beginning, and even the very beginning has to be begun for me by Jesus. I was thinking of the man who was shut out of heaven because he had not on the wedding garment. If we present ourselves at the gate, and point to this garment, how sweet the thought will be, not that Jesus recognizes it merely, but that He *gave* it to us—our very title to admission to the benefits of His kingdom being His own gift!"

To Miss D——.

"'Be careful for *nothing*, but in *everything* by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.' These two terms seem very decisive.

However small the trial or difficulty, still it must come under the term 'everything.' It does not say everything not too trivial. Besides which, there is no standard in God's Word as to what is sufficiently important to make a subject of prayer or trust in God; and then, too, that which may seem trivial to us may be a link in a chain of God's dealings with us which in the end may prove most important. It is not for us to say what is or is not God's hand; we are not quick-sighted enough in spiritual things. And, again, in God's sight things are not little and great as we view them. The patient bearing of some apparently insignificant trial may, in His sight, be of more value than some far greater display of piety, as viewed by man."

To Miss D——.

"August, 1858.

"Oh, how the consciousness of Jesus' love sweetens everything! Our friends are the dearer, because He gives them to us. The expression of their love is the sweeter, because we know that He put it into their hearts. The unkindness is more easily borne, because we know He would not have let it be, if it were not to do us good. The daily work is less irksome, because it is what He wishes us to do.

It matters not what is our occupation, if He is in our hearts, joy is in our faces, light is on our path."

To Miss D——.

"November 8th, 1858.

"There are different kinds of work for Jesus. There is the active work outside. There is the work of a consistent life. There is the work of patient suffering. There is the work of quiet willingness to do nothing. Oh! how much easier it is to work for Christ in visiting the sick, teaching one's class, writing to the unconverted, than in imitating in daily life Him of whom it is said, 'He pleased not Himself.' I know much of this. Though enjoying health, for me, I am still not equal to continuous or great exertion, and I am trying to learn to do just what Jesus would have me do; not what other people expect of me, but what I feel it right to do.

"But this giving up of one's own will to work more extensively and thoroughly is not learnt in a day. When conscious weakness, or domestic interruption, prevents the fulfilment of what to the eyes of others seems duty, how sweet to look up and say, 'What dost thou think, O my Saviour?' and to feel no wish for any approbation but His."

CHAPTER III.

WORKING.

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages; all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

"So let my living be, so be my dying;
So let my name lie, unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered:
Yes,—but remembered by what I have done."

DR. BONAR.

THE last extract from Miss Dryland's letters may fitly introduce some notice of her in relation to that work which was pre-eminently the labour and joy of her life. It has been already said that at a very early age she gave herself to the sacred labour of Sabbath-school teaching. At first she was fearful lest she should be doing wrong in teaching truths, of which she might not consciously have felt the power, but the counsel of a Christian friend, Rev. W. Milne, M.A., then a student at Homerton College, subsequently a missionary to China,

who often helped her early religious life, led her to continue her connection with the school. This sincerity, this fear of seeming to be what she was not—a fear which sometimes even approached the nature of a morbid feeling—was a marked feature in her character, and was especially apparent in all the work that she attempted for the good of others. Her labours as a Sunday-school teacher were commenced, as has been said, in connection with the church under the pastoral care of Dr. Burder, and continued with more or less regularity for seven or eight years. During the whole of this time her influence was growing over those who came into personal contact with her, or who came under her instruction. In relation to her work she was most conscientious—feeling deeply the responsibility of having to teach the truths of God's Word to immortal souls, and cherishing her duty to her class as a daily sacred burden. Her personal attention and effort for each member of her class were remarkable and rare. She regularly visited the homes of those she instructed on the Lord's-day, and sought to enter into the peculiar trials and difficulties of each girl with a sympathy which most surely found its way to the heart. Devotion to the happiness and well-being of all around her was

ever prominent in her character. To do good by all means and at all times was her constant aim, and love to the Saviour was the motive of all. Her constitutional temperament, no less than her physical weakness, made her shrink from all bustling effort, so that her influence in her class, in domestic life, and in the social circle, was powerful for good through its very quietness. The amount of work which she was enabled to accomplish was astonishing, and could only be got through by sacred regard to the value of time, and to the advantages of method. Every day's duties were fixed, and a memorandum kept in her Bible thus marks out her daily course: "Rise at six o'clock; Bible and prayer one hour before breakfast; after breakfast, Leighton till nine; house duty; read over lesson for class; write one letter; reading Scriptures and prayer after dinner at three; ditto after tea, and again half an hour at night." The leisure time intervening was thus apportioned: Monday and Saturday, duties of home; Tuesday and Wednesday, correspondence; Thursday and Friday, work. From this arrangement of time it appears that at least two hours and a-half were daily set apart for communion with God, and for the study of His Word. It is

r to see that a character formed under such

influences could not fail to impress and attract all who knew it. The power and beauty of devotion were manifest in all that she did and said, and pre-eminently appeared in the character and results of the work which she accomplished directly for the good of others. Her heart was bound up in her class, and the power which she had of retaining her influence over the girls long after their removal from her immediate instruction on the Sabbath was extraordinary. Not less so, perhaps, were the means by which she secured it. In her view to be a Sunday-school teacher was to be engaged in a work at once most solemn and important, demanding time, and thought, and prayer. Not only was she conscientiously devout and diligent in preparing to meet her class, by a careful study of the Sabbath lesson, but she earnestly sought to follow up the instructions of the Lord's-day by personal intercourse and influence during the week. So much did she feel the importance of this intercourse by the visitation of the scholars at their own homes, that she often hesitated to receive a new scholar, lest she should not be able to give the personal oversight which she thought every one should receive. Her love was developed in deep, prayerful interest in the inner life of each scholar.

She was in the habit of inviting her girls separately to her house for private conversation and prayer. Nor was their outer life forgotten. Every personal and domestic circumstance was an element of interest to the teacher, and many an effort was made, by kindly counsel and friendly help, to remodel an unsatisfactory home, and to enlist both parental and filial sympathy on the side of order and piety. To follow up the instructions of the Sabbath, almost every member of the class was presented with some handbill, tract, little book, or extract, printed or written, bearing usually as far as possible upon the special circumstances of each. These were handed to the girls in an envelope, to be returned on the following Sabbath. Thus, to those who were too timid to speak their thoughts, an opportunity was intentionally given of slipping a little note into the returned envelope, expressive of feeling, stating difficulty, or seeking advice. In this way Miss Dryland obtained an insight into the religious thoughts and feelings of many who would otherwise have remained comparatively unknown to her; and thus she could more fully adapt her instructions and bring her influence to bear on them. She was accustomed to keep a list of those who came under her instruction, to note down their

birthdays and any other important anniversary in their history, so that, in the case of their removal or settlement in life, she might keep up a good influence over them by correspondence, as far as her strength and circumstances permitted. This work grew upon her, as in the course of years it might be expected to do; so that at last between seventy and eighty young people, who had been under her instruction, were regularly written to. These letters are highly prized by many who have received them, and the great day alone can unfold the good effected by them. The note sent on the occasion of the birthday, or of the new year, was always accompanied by special prayer in the closet for the individual to whom the letter was addressed. Thus was she instant in season and out of season; and her work was ever undertaken, carried on, and followed out by prayer.

The following extracts will sufficiently show the loving, earnest, and faithful character of these notes, and testify her deep anxiety for the true welfare and happiness of those whom she was teaching, or whom she had taught:—

To Mary Ann S——.

"August, 1855.

"I wish you very many happy returns of

your birthday, and trust that you will seek to make them so in the only way you can, by walking in the path of obedience to God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. I do sometimes hope that you are seeking to enter that path. You know the way to be happy. 'Tis by coming to Jesus. Have you really come, and are you beginning this new year with a heart broken for sin, and looking to Jesus for pardon? But if you are still undecided, do not begin another year without settling this all-important question once and for ever, by looking to Jesus and receiving from Him that divine life which will make you eternally happy. Think of the love of Jesus in being willing to save you—yea, far more in inviting you to come to Him. Hear His own words:—'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.' What condescending grace! Can you resist such love? Are you not ready to say—

'Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.'

'And I will gladly give them.' Oh that you may be persuaded thus to begin this new year!

I do, indeed, long to know that you are safe in Jesus. Safe for time—safe for eternity."

To H—— H——.

"September, 1856.

"I would seek to persuade you to begin this new year of your life by giving your heart unreservedly to Jesus. You have often thought on the subject of religion; you are quite conscious that those only are truly happy who love Jesus, and you intend to become one of Christ's followers. Then why not now? Why go on another day without fully surrendering yourself to Jesus? What a happy birthday this would be if on it you set out in the path to heaven! Remember, my dear H., that now and then thinking about religion will not save you, nor will attention to the outward duties of religion. That great change which the Scriptures speak of as being 'a new creature,' 'passing from death unto life,' must pass upon you; but you have the promise, 'Ask and it shall be given you, seek and you shall find.' Be earnest in seeking this great blessing. Do not put off the important work of securing the salvation of your soul. How can you expect to pass through life safely or happily without being at peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?"

To H—— H——.

"September, 1858.

"Why not let this be the time when you yield your heart to Jesus? There must be some barrier which you have allowed to remain in your heart, which prevents the full working of the Holy Spirit. No one ever sought Jesus in true earnestness that did not find Him. Oh, try afresh. Think of Jesus dying for you. Think how His blood can cleanse you from all sin; how certainly He can help you against sin, and how willing He is to do it. Begin this new year of your life with the determination to pray earnestly and perseveringly for the Spirit's quickening power, till you are conscious of its presence. Do not go on undecided. With such promises in God's Word, your success is certain if you are only in earnest. And how much more easily would you get through your duties of life if you had Jesus near as a Friend and Helper."

To S—— M——.

"1857.

"I hope that you need not this note to remind you of the importance of making this return of your birthday a season of thoughtfulness; and I trust it will not pass without witnessing your giving up of your heart to Jesus.

You will never be happy, my dear girl, while you keep away from Him. Oh, why do you continue thus undecided? Why do you refuse to believe all the gracious words He utters? Why remain satisfied with just knowing that religion would make you happy, but not seeking to be made happy by it? Are you not afraid of continuing thus? May not earnestness all vanish and your heart become dead, and careless? Why will you not come to Jesus now? He waits to bless you. Resolve that this shall be the time when you will give up all resistance to the Spirit's work within you. You little know what you are losing now, and what you will lose hereafter. Hesitate no longer, but begin this new year by seeking earnestly for a new heart."

To Mary Ann ——, on the Death of her Sister.

"Brighton.

"In your last letter to me you tell me you know you are not decided for Christ. Oh, let me entreat you, then, by all that is solemn in this event, by all that is awful in the thought of death to you if unprepared, to seek at once that Saviour who will bless you if you really ask Him. Oh, stay not till to-morrow. To-

morrow death may come to you. Think how little dear Sarah thought she should die a week ago, and how can you tell that you may not be taken soon? My eyes fill with tears at the very thought of your dying without giving evidence of a real change of heart. Outward good conduct, much as I am pleased to see it in you, will not save you: you must believe in Jesus; that is, you must go to Him in faith and prayer. Say not, your heart is hard and you cannot feel. Oh, go to Jesus, tell Him how hard your heart is, how sinful you feel yourself to be, and ask Him to take away everything in you which prevents you from believing in Him. God is speaking to you most solemnly. He is saying, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Oh, will you not listen to Him? What a blessed thing it will be, if the death of your sister should be the means of leading you to seek earnestly the salvation of your soul. God would have you hear His voice speaking to you, and will you not listen, will you not pray to Him? not merely utter some words, but cry unto Him as one that really is in earnest? Oh, sleep not this night till you have gone to the Saviour."

TO THE SAME, ON A SUBSEQUENT OCCASION.

"July, 1853.

"How often a day passes with but few thoughts of Christ. How is it that we cannot say, 'I fly to Him on multitudes of occasions *every day?*' If there were more of this constant intercourse between our souls and God, how much more God-glorifying our lives would be. I hope, my dear ——, that you are letting your light shine. Are your fellow-servants Christians? If so, are they finding in you the Christian helper? Does your example animate them, your kindly sympathy encourage them? Only think what it must have been to have lived in the house with the Lord Jesus when He was on earth, and yet if we are Christians we have Jesus dwelling in our hearts, and we should so live as He lived. If He directed every word we spoke, every action we performed, what an influence we should exert on all around. Oh, to have the Spirit of Jesus abiding in us! If your fellow-servants are not Christians, then, indeed, you have a great work to do. Working for God does not consist only in preaching the gospel, teaching in a Sunday-school, and such like things. These are only some of the ways in which we may work for God. The servant is quite as really working

for Him when she is seeking to draw her fellow-servants to the Lord Jesus, by her every-day kindliness. Whilst we should seek opportunities of speaking with others about the importance of religion, yet we must never forget, that 'tis our daily lives which will make the most impression. Then, my dear girl, let you and me be very earnest in seeking grace to be enabled so to live, as that the unconverted may be attracted to the Lord Jesus by seeing the beauty of His character exemplified in us."

To one of her class who had professed Christ.

"June, 1856.

"I hope you are comfortable, and trying to give satisfaction. And are you going on well spiritually? Is the house where you live the better for having you in it? If you are Christlike, it will be. In reading the life of Christ, have you ever noticed that He never went anywhere but He did some good, made some one happier; and if we profess to belong to Him we should be like Him. The Christian servant should be the best servant, for she has motives far greater than the worldling why she should do her work well. The secret of

how we may become good Christian servants, is in our living near to Christ. Are you thus living? Do you spend some time every day in communion with Jesus? Do you read the Word of God that you may learn how you are to act so as best to please Him? Do those around you know that you are a Christian? Do they read it in your life? And are you making progress in the Christian life? Do you know more of Jesus than you did?"

To another, on her Birthday.

"December, 1854.

"I have not forgotten that to-morrow is your birthday, and I wish you many happy returns of it. It is pleasant that it comes on a Sunday, as you will thus have a little more leisure for thought. I inclose you some lines entitled 'Forward;' I think you will unite in the wish they express, to be redeeming the time, looking to the cross, and seeking to do good to all around you. I hope you do not find that increased work is proving injurious to your spiritual life. It should not. It need not, Where will you find any one so laboriously employed as the Apostle Paul, and yet he was not wanting in spirituality of mind. Besides, it is the express command of the divinely-

inspired Word, 'Be ye filled with the Spirit,' and if this were not attainable in the sphere in which we are placed by God, He would not have put us there. I knew a very good lady who, in her earlier married life, was very much occupied. She had a sick husband, a frequently increasing family, and a business in which she had to take her part. She was very happy and had very much enjoyment of spiritual things. Her only wish was that she were less occupied, that she might have more time for spiritual engagements. God greatly blessed her husband's business, and he retired, when but comparatively a young man, with more than a mere competence, so that his wife was relieved from her busy life, and had more time to herself. But with the leisure she did not have an increase of spiritual prosperity, and was often wishing for those happy seasons, when her daily employments seemed sanctified by the manifested presence of Jesus. I mention this just to show that much occupation does not necessarily render us worldly-minded. If the heart be right, it will find many a free moment to send its aspirations heavenward, though there may be no opportunity for lonely retirement."

TO THE SAME, ON A SUBSEQUENT OCCASION.

"December, 1855.

"Do not wait till right spiritual feelings come back of themselves. This they will never do. If we wish to be healthy in body we must take nourishment and exercise; nothing will do in the place of this. All the wishing in the world will not make us healthy in any other way. So it is with the soul. Some people seem to think that spiritual life is a thing that comes over them, they know not how—that they have only to wait for it, and it will be all right. What a mistake! We must feed our soul just as we feed our body. When our body is faint from long abstinence we recruit it by food. Are we as careful thus to recruit our soul? God's Word is the soul's food. Do we read it, and think about it, as regularly and as frequently as we attend to our body? Prayer is the soul's exercise. If we only just walked across the room once in the day we might soon lose the use of our limbs; and if the soul take no more exercise than a few faint petitions in the morning it will soon lose its vigour. If you begin this new year with the resolution that you will attend to your soul as regularly every day as you do to your body, and carry it out into practice, what may you not expect at the end of

the year, as the result! How much nearer will you be to God! How much more holy! Try it, and I can promise you a good result."

To Sophia I——.

"October, 1856.

"As you pass along life you will meet with much that has a tendency to draw you aside, but you have only to keep your eye fixed on Jesus, and, by faith, every circumstance and state may become a means of spiritual growth. Let it be your care that it should be thus. Your present position is one in which you will need more grace and strength, but you have only to ask in faith, and you will receive.

"And then, too, everything that leads us to prayer is a blessing, though it come in the form of perplexity or difficulty. The more frequently we are led to Jesus the more shall we realize our union with Him; and increased communion will produce increased joy. May every day lead you to a better acquaintance with Jesus, and thus may you enjoy His smile, than which there is nothing on this earth so much worth living for. If we perform the duties of life so as to secure this, it will matter little though others frown. To live in the consciousness that He approves will sweeten many an other-

wise bitter cup, and cheer many an otherwise dreary hour. There are no circumstances that need separate us from Him, and nearness to Him is blessedness."

"'Thou art near—yes, Lord, I feel it—
Thou art near where'er I move;
And though sense would fain conceal it,
Faith oft whispers it in love.'"

TO ONE WHO HAD BEEN RESTORED AFTER BACKSLIDING.

"April, 1855.

"In looking forward to the future, what need have you for prayerful watchfulness. Let me urge upon you the necessity of keeping your heart with all diligence. If we would walk consistently we must live near to God. All holiness of life, as well as all peace, is to be obtained in the close walk with God, in the watchfulness against the first departure from Him. The worldliness of mind, about which our pastor spoke last Sunday, so quickly grows upon us if not earnestly resisted; and if Satan can get us to become too much interested in earthly things, to the neglect of spiritual duties, he soon leads us much farther astray. And, then, too, there is a need for self-examination, to discover what are the scenes or circumstances which seem to have most influence

over us that we may avoid them. Much more may be done by avoiding society or occupation unfriendly to spirituality of mind, than by resisting evil when in direct contact with it. How careful we should be that we are never unnecessarily in worldly society; how anxious to avoid all that would draw away our hearts from God. Whatever we find unfits us for devotion or spiritual thought let us at once give it up. May we strive after greater conformity to the image of Him whom we profess to serve."

To M. A. S——, WHO BY CHANGE OF SITUATION HAD LOST MANY PRIVILEGES.

"November, 1858.

"There is nothing so calming to the mind, when unexpected circumstances arise, as the persuasion that our steps are directed by the Lord, and that we must be in the right place if we are where He has placed us. We cannot be where He is not, and 'in His presence is fulness of joy.' If we realized this, we should know nothing of dulness and sadness. And why should we not? 'Rejoice in the Lord always' is the apostolic injunction. Ah! it is because we allow ourselves to rejoice too much in earthly blessings that we sometimes find it

difficult thus to rejoice in our God. And yet what a help it would be to us, in our Christian path, if we could do this. We find in our daily work how fast we go on, and how pleasant it seems, if we have just had a visit from some one we love very much, or if we have had news that gave us joy. Our mind is so taken up with the pleasure that difficulties seem less; and what at any other time would trouble us is now thought nothing of. So would it be in the Christian life, if we had our hearts full of joy in thoughts of our Lord. What a stimulus it would be! Let us seek, then, to dwell more in the light of God's countenance; so that the joy of the Lord may be our strength."

To E—— M——, WHO HAD BEEN BEREAVED OF HER MOTHER.

"As you waken up more and more to your loss, let these blessed assurances calm your mind. What more can you want than this ever-abiding presence of Jesus? Is it comfort you want? Hear Him say, 'I, even I, am He that comforteth you.' And should your heart whisper, 'Ah, but 'tis a mother's tender care I miss!' listen to His voice of gentlest love saying to you, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' Does the future

seem full of anxious difficulty? Listen to the peace-inspiring words, '*I* will *instruct thee*, and teach thee in the way which thou shouldst go; I will guide thee with mine eye.' Oh, do try to keep the eye of faith fixed on Him. You have lately been professing that you love Jesus. He now puts that love to the test. Does your love say, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight?' Can you *rest* on the promise, 'All things work together for good to them that love God?' Dear E., when your teacher writes to you at such a time as this, she can fully sympathize with you. She has knelt by the coffin which contained all on earth of deepest maternal love. She knows what it is to weep such tears, the very thought of which moistens her eye. Yes, my dear young friend, *I* know what it is to lose a mother, and I bless God that I know, too, the truth of the promise, 'When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up.' Well do I remember pleading that promise, with all the earnestness of a sorrow-stricken heart that felt no other being could fill the blank which death had made. Trust Him, He will be everything to you. I have much to say to you when we meet. Take special care of your father. Watch over him and shield him as much

as is in your power from feeling his loss, by your gentle kindness and careful forethought."

Thus Miss Dryland appeared, not only as the earnest teacher, but as the faithful counsellor, the affectionate and sympathizing friend. In the midst of her many labours her humility and self-forgetfulness were remarkable. When members of her class gave evidence of decision for God, and wished to avow themselves on the Lord's side by connecting themselves with His people, she entreated the pastor in his statements to the Church to make no allusion to her efforts or her influence. She wished to be forgotten in the good that was done, that all the glory might be ascribed to her Lord. She had no greater joy than to see those who were brought under her instruction giving themselves to Christ and walking in the truth, and that joy was sure to be enhanced when she herself, as the instrument in the hand of God, was not even named. "I am quite sure," says one who for years was in her class—"I am quite sure she loved me, and often I feel that her prayers are answered in my behalf. It was she that first led me to think of my sins, it was she that first took my hand in hers and commended me to her Saviour. Oh, I shall never

forget that day when I knelt by her side in prayer for the first time! Before I knew her, I often felt that no one cared for me or loved me; but *now* through her prayers and teaching I humbly hope I am in the fold of Christ." Similar testimony could be borne by many to whom Miss Dryland's instructions, letters, and personal influence were made very useful.

CHAPTER IV.

RIPENING.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee—
Nearer to Thee."

S. F. ADAMS.

IT has been already said that Miss Dryland, for several years before her decease, did not enjoy robust health. She was frequently the subject of severe attacks of illness which gradually broke down the feeble frame. Yet in labour she abounded often beyond her strength; and it was repeatedly a question with her medical adviser whether the effort which she would make in preparing for her class, and in meeting it, would not do her less injury than an absolute prohibition to go on with her cherished work. Amidst much weakness her inward life was renewed day by day, and her character grew in holy simplicity and beauty. It was

increasingly her delight to read, hear, and speak about Jesus, so that the evidences multiplied that in Him as her Saviour, Friend, and Lord, she lived, and moved, and had her spiritual being. Often on her couch, and when unable to use the pen and ink, her hand would guide a pencil in writing to her friends, and, like Luther, she might have written "Jesus," the name that is above every name, as the motto of her letters.

We see the ripening of her inner life in the following extracts:—

To Miss E. G——.

"December, 1856.

"And so, dear L——, God is pleased to lay His hand upon you. What does He mean by it? Is not this what you want to know? No pain or weariness comes by chance; I have sometimes thought it came to me to teach me that I can do nothing in my own salvation. When well, we pray sometimes with energy; we fill up our time for the good of others; we think now we are serving God; now all is right, but when weariness comes, prostrating us, then our thoughts of our own goodness pass away, and we can only just look to Christ as our Saviour, and feel how we have nothing to de-

pend upon but Him, and what He has done for us. Try to keep as clearly as you can the distinction between depression caused by illness and that arising from sin. When weak, Satan tries to persuade us all is wrong; and that it is no use our trying; but if we remind him that the very depression is the hand of God sent to do us good, he is foiled; for he is but reminding us of that which is a real blessing and a proof that God had not forsaken us.

I am sure, in your present state of health, you must feel sometimes low and depressed; you know not why. With such a state of mind I can fully sympathize; and if it is any relief to you to send me a line at such times, I shall welcome it as an assurance that you rely on my loving sympathy."

To Miss E. G——.

"1856.

"I think, dear friend, that much of your present feeling is owing to your state of health. Physical depression does have this effect. What I think you want is the being able to discriminate between that and wrong feeling. Now this is, I know, difficult; but still I think it may be done in some measure. I sometimes test myself thus: 'I feel disinclined for spi-

ritual exercises; can I turn to any other *mental* employment with a relish?' If so, 'tis not physical depression, but something wrong spiritually. If it is physical, then I may turn that into a source of spiritual good. I rise depressed: what a fine opportunity for going to Jesus, and telling Him just how I feel—unequal to make myself cheerful; remind Him that as a Christian I ought always to appear happy; plead with Him His own promise that He will 'make all grace abound;' ask Him to help me to feel how much He loves me, and this will help to make me happy; and thus I can go forth from my room trusting that Jesus will help me to bear the depression and to appear cheerful. I know that a strong mind may be able to do much in throwing off depression, but I question whether a weaker will not succeed far better through the very fact that it will be led to a more constant dependence on Jesus.

"We ought not to give up prayer and the reading of God's Word, because we do not feel equal to it; the effort is better made if unsuccessful. Prayer is a duty as well as a privilege. Not that I think we are to be discouraged because we cannot pray at night, or when very tired; we could not enjoy anything else at such a time. Is prayer an enjoyment in some part

of the day? Do our thoughts go out after Jesus? This is a better test. As to Sunday evening service, I can fully sympathize. Last night at the Bible-class I felt so mentally weary, that subjects most calculated to create interest seemed only a weariness. At such times all we can do is just to turn our thoughts to Jesus, saying, 'Thou knowest how I feel: Thou canst sympathize,' and we may compose ourselves to rest on the consciousness of His presence and love to us, though we can feel but little active love to Him. You know the cause of it all, and therefore, though it may add to your depression, it does not really make you any the worse. You have but to remember how differently you feel when not out of spirits. If you have a headache, it is a trouble to you to read, but you would never think of bewailing to a friend that you had no taste for reading, because just then you would rather not read. When this state of depression comes on, the wiser way is to receive it as a thing to be borne for the time, not as in any way affecting your real character. You would never think of deciding on the colour of a thing, when the atmosphere is so darkened by fog that you can scarcely see across the road. You would rather say, 'Well,

I will leave this till the brighter day comes, and set about something else.' Why, then, should you pass judgment on your piety when depression has overclouded your mental sky? Try, then, dear friend, to view the matter rightly. When depressed, try to occupy your mind with some light employment either for yourself, or, what would be better, for another. It may be that in the very effort to contribute to the happiness of another, your own sorrow may disappear. At any rate, if you should be just as depressed, you will have the comfort of feeling that what you lack yourself you have been the means of securing for another, and this must throw a brighter light into your own soul."

To Miss E—— G——.

"January, 1857.

"Just now I have a trouble in prospect, and so I am continually saying to myself, 'Take no thought for the morrow.' That is Jesus' wish, and should we not try to act it out? I know it is difficult; but He would not have told us to do it if He had not meant to enable us. True enough, 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' Lately I have found it very uphill work in the Christian life, and have thought

of you. How I can sympathize in the weariness;—the thought that you are better, and in one short hour all the symptoms returning; then the depression, then the trying to look up to Jesus, then the mist which hides Him, then the struggle of faith to believe that He is doing all and all in love; that the thing which worries is only the instrument,—the trial is from *Him*.

To Miss E—— G——.

"April, 1857.

"I am sorry, in one sense, that you have been such a sufferer; but if it has led you oftener to Jesus, I will not regret it. I trust it will soon have answered the end He designs, and then it will pass away. . . .

"May you be very peaceful to-morrow, even should pain rob you of bodily rest. You will be with One dearer than our pastor, deservedly dear though he be. Won't it be happy for you to be able to pray for him? Methinks you will indeed enjoy the earnest, intercessory prayer for him. I often do. I seldom pray so intensely earnestly for any single person as for him; this is partly owing to my strong feeling of his immense responsibility."

To Miss E—— G——.

"December, 1857.

"To-day has been one of much pain and weakness to me; but I hope to be better to-morrow, though I need it all. I seem as if I grew worse instead of better; so much sin constantly rising up, so much that needs pruning, and yet I have been getting a little happiness from the thought, that this very pruning process shows that I may hope I am one of the branches that is united to the Vine."

To Miss E—— G——.

"March, 1858.

"I am not sure whether you do not look too much to yourself. If you busied yourself more with your work *for* Jesus, might not that help you? If for the oft-repeated question, 'Do I love Jesus?' you substituted, 'Am I doing all I can *for* Jesus? Is there no fresh way in which I can work for Him?' might you not find that love to Him came? If you were looking out for opportunities of working for Him, you would feel more your need of wisdom, and you would therefore ask for it, and you would thus have something to take you to the throne of grace.

"And then, too, suppose you thought over subjects for prayer . . . and made the little incidents of life subjects for prayer and praise. Is such an one kind? When you get alone, instead of offering up any regular prayer, how nice to go and say in confidence, 'I thank Thee, O my Saviour, for this. 'Tis *Thy* love come through him.' Is any one cross? 'Blessed Saviour, Thou art never cross. Thou always smilest a return of love.' Would not this give an intensity, a reality to prayer, which is not to be got in the usual form? And then, too, may there not be subjects on which you need counsel, which are hidden in your own breast, but which Jesus knows; why not make them the subjects of prayer? You can follow this train of thought out for yourself."

To Miss E—— G——.

"March, 1858.

"I have been thinking this morning, while reading Exodus xii., that perhaps one reason why we don't enjoy the first Sunday (Communion Sunday) as we wish, may be that we don't look upon it enough as a feast, a rejoicing because we have been brought out of darkness, etc. You will see in that chapter how re-

peatedly God tells the people to remember His bringing them out of Egypt, and to make it the subject of their joy. Suppose we were to think of what we might have been. You and I, instead of being Christian friends, might have been worldly friends; taking delight in balls, theatres, gay companions, and such pleasures. What has made us to differ? Is it not His love which has brought us out? And, then, the children of Israel were to be taught *thus* to commemorate it. Though they could not remember the *day*, etc., yet they were to rejoice in the *fact*. You can think this out for yourself. Let us try to get good on Sunday; the fault is our own if we triumph not over circumstances."

To Miss E——. G——.

"I am so sorry, dear L——, that I let you see to-night how bewildered I was. I want to be always calm. Somehow my head seemed as if I hardly knew what I was doing; not with pain, but with trying to attend to all that was being said to me. I came with an overwearied brain. . . .

"Thursday. A fresh importation this morning of anxieties, so now I am going to take things more calmly, and you need not think of

me as hurried or bewildered. I have caught the right idea. Work for Jesus never unfits us for present duty; so if I work thus, 'tis not for Him. So now I have got the

'Heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.'

and I need it, as three friends already to-day have made some fresh demands on my sympathy. Oh, how thankful I am that I have it to give! 'Tis a privilege belonging only to earth. No friends in heaven will ever come to me because they are in trouble."

To Miss E—— G——.

"June, 1858.

"And then I think Jesus knows how weak I feel, and how difficult it sometimes is to keep on, and He could make me stronger in a minute; as He does not, the present state must be best. . . . . Think less of yourself, and more of Him. . . . . Put down depression as physical, as something Jesus has given you to bear, and then don't trouble about it."

To Miss E—— G——.

"July, 1858.

"Ah, those 'ifs!' Is it not generally some 'if' that keeps us from being quite willing to

have things just as God pleases? I find it is so with myself. What we want is to have no 'ifs.' We want to see that the trial is doing us good in our way of thinking, whereas our language should be, 'Do with me as Thou pleasest. I ask not to see the result; I ask not that any particular result should come; I only want to have no will but Thine.'"

To Miss E—— G——.

August, 1858.

"How I think while we should scrutinize our motives, and make it the subject of prayer that they may be purified, yet we may do the former too much. You feel quite sure that it is a Christian duty to teach, and you have a desire to do good, then you would be wrong not to engage in it while God continues the path open for you to do so, but you need not paralyze your efforts by fears lest your motives are not good. If you persevere in the work, that is the best sign, as inferior motives seldom prove sufficient for a long continuance in that which, but for those motives, would not be engaged in. The subject of mixed motive is one which seems to trouble most Christians, and the only way to get over it seems to be to pray

for purer motive, not to relax our efforts till we get this better motive, but to get it as we work."

"Ramsgate, August, 1858.

"Is it not nice to know that while we cannot tell whether our physical health will be bettered or not by our present change, we are *quite sure* the spiritual may be, if we see to it that it is. This is *the* thing my heart is set on; the other I can leave, so can you, can't you? We *will* get spiritual good; for there is no reason why we should not, but in ourselves."

"Ramsgate.

"How a little season like this of withdrawment from home and its duties does one good. We think of so many things in which we are wrong, of what we *may* do, what we might do so much better, and what we might begin to do; and we go back so altered, only the sad thing is, we don't carry out all these better thoughts and feelings. However, not having done so in the past is no reason why we should do so in the present. My mind is full of schemes for the future; how I can fill up this winter for others' good and happiness."

"Clifton, 1858.

"Ah, dear L——, when shall I learn the lesson of more constant thoughts of Jesus, which will make it impossible for me not to speak of Him more. I do want our future intercourse to be more Christian. I do want to set you an example more in accordance with those words, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another' (Mal. iii. 16). I often fear when you leave me, after one of my merry seasons, lest you should thus miss the spirituality which you are right in expecting from me. I have not such spiritual enjoyment here as at home. I do not doubt its return when I am again in my own room. Ah, that dear room! how I love to think of being there again, just because there I seem to get on more."

"Clifton.

"I have been thinking that perhaps we look too much to enjoyment in prayer as something upon which to rest, and, if so, God will withhold it. Perhaps we should be saying, 'Now I know I am a Christian because of this,' instead of 'I know in whom I have believed.'

"I think we should dwell more with gratitude upon the consciousness we have that we are not so spiritually dead as we were, instead

of mourning so that we are no better. Praise God for what He has done, and believe firmly for more. Only think, dear friend, how certain the promise is, 'Ask and it shall be given.' Seek for earnestness till earnestness comes to plead for other blessings, and, oh! be thankful for any amount of blessing.'"

"November, 1858.

"Let us learn to take things more calmly. Jesus knew that Judas went out to make arrangements to betray Him. What treachery! What a blow to the loving, confiding heart of our Saviour, and yet so great was His self-control that none of His disciples discovered that there was anything in Judas's conduct that troubled Him. I am going to try, dear ——, to be more like Him, and you will, too."

To Miss E—— G——.

"November 30th, 1858.

"Oh, for more likeness to Jesus! I have been passing through much mental conflict lately. Do you know the hymn commencing—

'I asked the Lord that I might grow'?

That hymn is just my experience; but I am

sure of the result. God 'will perfect that which concerneth me.' I have much enjoyed parts of Bonar and yesterday's sermons. Could we not say, 'Yes, yes, so it is,' many times in the sermon yesterday morning? . . .

I have been exposed to-day to much rain, but I felt it my duty, so do not mind the consequences. I am feeling pain in my chest. Am going to meet my class presently, when I hope to have a happy season. Could write a great deal to you to-night, but must wait till I see you. When you think of me, dearest, in prayer, ask that I may have an enlightened conscience. I fancy I am in danger just now from scrupulosity of conscience. Bridges on 'Teach me good judgment and knowledge,' will show you what I mean. Have you ever suffered from this—being quite sure at one time a thing *is* right, then having numberless doubts?"

"1858.

"I have been reading a little about the religion of the Carthaginians—how they 'began, continued, and ended' every work by an appeal to their gods! and why do we not imitate them? And then their excessive cruelties were owing to their worship of such gods. Now, why does

not our worship of a holy, happy God prove as influential on us? Let us try that it should be so, and then our history-reading will be indeed a blessing. Do you think you are getting any spiritual good from that reading? I sometimes hope I am. It stimulates me to seek to be better worthy of my God; and then, too, I feel all the knowledge I get shall be used for Him."

To Miss E—— G——.

"1858.

"I am feeling just now very much the importance of trying to help and to be helped in the Christian course. I fancy if we could break the crust that rises round our hearts, and tell and hear others of what is passing within, we might get on better; not that I would have less of telling Jesus. No, I could part with the dearest friend to-morrow, if that friend occupied a place which Jesus only should. I think we ought to accustom ourselves to tell Jesus *everything*, so as to feel that He is connected with all. Is a friend coming to us, or are we going to one? Let us tell Jesus, and ask Him to help us to talk rightly. Have we anything that makes us happy? Let our first thought be, 'I

must tell Jesus that.' Have we done wrong? Let us go and tell Jesus. How often have those words struck me—'And they told Jesus all things, both what they had done, and what they had taught'! He needed not to be told for information; but how His listening endeared Him to their hearts, and opened their hearts to Him! I think, too, we should often get to see more of the tenderness and love of Christ's dealings with us. Last night, at the Bible-class, our pastor was speaking to us of Christ's tenderness as manifested to Saul, in telling him that Ananias was coming to him, and to Ananias in telling him that Saul had seen him in a vision. He put it thus:—He tells Ananias to go. Ananias says, 'Lord, have I not heard?' etc. Jesus says, 'True, but Saul has seen you in a vision coming to comfort him.' 'Seen me,' says Ananias—'seen me; oh, then, I'll go.' Just as if you are speaking to a friend about a distant place, and he says he met one there who knew you, spoke of you. 'Of me?' How interested you feel in that person directly! So Ananias felt his heart go out to Saul at once. We had another beautiful thought last night, too. Saul was a chosen *vessel*. We are vessels to be filled by God, but chiefly to communicate to

others. Only think that you and I may be vessels which God fills that we may fill others; but then, as one says, 'We must be ever travelling between our emptiness and Christ's fulness.' True, we may be very small vessels; never mind that, we may be the oftener going. Just as if a dear friend gave us something to do for him, and were to say, 'I will give you a little at a time, and then you can come for more. Never mind if you have to come every day; I shall be glad to see you.' We should not say, 'Oh, it will be too much trouble for me to come so often; I shall get tired; I had rather take all at once.' Ah, no. Well, then, shall we not rejoice in every opportunity afforded us of going to Jesus often. And here, again, this oftenness of going would create a warmer feeling between our souls and Jesus.

It often happens that we have a little trial, or it may be a joy, into which no one around us seems able to enter, and which we should hesitate to tell them; but we can go and tell Jesus. Has some little circumstance stirred up our hearts in unusual love to our pastor? How nice to go alone and tell Jesus and thank Him for giving us such a pastor, and pray Him to bless him. Or do we feel depressed and dis-

heartened about something which perhaps friends might not understand. How sweet to go to Jesus with it! Did you ever think how fully He can sympathize with us in this lonely feeling? He was a man. Yes, He combined the tenderness and susceptibility of a woman with all that is beautiful in manhood. He wanted a friend as much as we, and He formed special friendships; but, after all, how much must He have felt the want of a *perfectly kindred mind*, one that understood Him, that fully sympathized with Him. In the prospect of His death, how often must He have longed for some one to whom He could talk unreservedly about it. Think what qualifications He possessed to make Him a devoted, loving, wise friend—such He proved Himself to His friend John. But then this only shows how fitted He was to receive the sympathy and affection of a friend who fully understood *Him;* and *none* did this. I have sometimes thought, when in loneliness of spirit I have turned to Him, He has seemed to say, 'Ah, my child, I know it all—the consciousness that you cannot make another fully understand you, your trials, your difficulties, your struggles. I knew it before you, and I am ready to be to you all that I felt

I needed in a friend when, in solitude of spirit, I trod your earth.' Dear L——, let us prize such a Saviour, and in getting nearer to Him we shall get nearer to each other. The light which His presence throws on our path will help us to say, not that we were happy on Saturday and Sunday only, but that we 'rejoice in the Lord always,' and never more than when prevented, by distance or uncongeniality, from rejoicing in the loving sympathy of friends."

"January 1st, 1859.

"I should like to have spent a quiet half-hour with you to-day. I hope you are beginning the new year happily. I had a season of great enjoyment this morning. Ah, dear E——, with such a Saviour, how fearlessly we enter this year!"

Thus all Miss Dryland's correspondence, as well as the unfettered intercourse which some of her friends enjoyed, gave evidence of a growth in grace and a ripening for glory remarkable and beautiful.

Although her piety was generally of a cheerful cast, yet under the influence of much bodily weakness and the chequered events of life, as

well as the assaults of the great adversary, she had sometimes hours and days of depression and conflict. Ardent affections begat in her strong predilections and earnest wishes; but these were not consulted when another's interest would be affected, when the desires of others could be conscientiously met, or when the path of duty pointed in an opposing direction. Relatives, friends, and servants were constantly and growingly reminded, in seeing her conduct, of Him who "pleased not Himself." In one season of illness she was, for a considerable period brought into bondage through fear of death. This, however, did not last long. The peace of God triumphed over the weakness of the flesh; and although at times the fear might return, it was but as a passing cloud, to be dissipated by the outbursting splendour of Him whose life was emphatically her Light.

CHAPTER V.

DYING.

"Gently along the vale of tears
Lead me from Tabor's sunbright steep;
Let me not grudge a few short years
With Thee tow'rd heaven to walk and weep.
Too happy in my silent path,
If now and then allowed with Thee,
Watching some placid, holy death,
Thy secret work of love to see.
But, oh! most happy should Thy call,
Thy welcome call, at last be given—
"Come where thou long hast stored thy all;
Come, see thy place prepared in heaven."

KEBLE.

THE frail constitution, weakened by repeated attacks of severe illness, began, in 1858, to give unmistakeable signs that it was passing beyond the reach of human skill to mend. Towards the end of that year the conviction forced itself upon Miss Dryland that she was no longer able to continue the work of teaching her class; and she consulted her pastor about the propriety of

formally resigning it. The very thought of this surrender was painful to her, but increasing illness left her no alternative. On the first Sunday in 1859, she met her girls in class for the last time, and on the following Monday evening she met a few of them, as she had been used to do, at a weekly meeting for prayer amongst themselves. Before the end of the week she was quite laid aside, so that perfect rest of mind and body was absolutely necessary. At first she thought of an arrangement for her class by which they might be placed for a time under the instruction of another, until God's design in regard to herself might appear more plain. But His providence speedily taught her that the class must be altogether surrendered by her. As soon as she saw or gathered the indications of His will to this effect, she hesitated no longer, but at once gave up a charge which was dear to her even as her own life. In the course of the day on which the decision was made, she wrote in pencil the following note, and, on her brother entering the room, she said to him, "I should so much like to have seen, or to have written once again to each member of my class, but I find I cannot. Do you think it would be wrong—as I am not

able to write to them or see them again—for me to have this note printed? Then I can send one to each of them." This inquiry, suggested by her humility and a feeling which made her shrink from anything approaching publicity, was satisfactorily answered. The note was printed, and a copy sent to the members of the class, and to the young people generally with whom she had been accustomed more or less frequently to correspond. From 90 to 100 copies were thus forwarded:—

"January 24th, 1859.

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—In consequence of the entire failure of my health and strength, it is absolutely necessary that I give up the teaching of my class, and with it all the regular correspondence which it has been my privilege to carry on with you for so many years. I send you this note, because, as your birthdays come round, and other occasions on which I have been accustomed to send to you, I was afraid you would think I had forgotten you; *this* I shall never do, but as it has pleased God thus to take away my strength, I feel it is right to acquiesce in His will. You will not, therefore, expect to hear from me again, unless I should

get much stronger than I have been for a long time, and then it will be only a very occasional thing.

"I shall be pleased to hear from you whenever you like to write, provided you do not expect an answer. I cannot ask you to call and see me now, as it will be a very long time before I shall be able to receive visits as I have done. And now farewell; one thing I add—*meet me in heaven.* I have often told you how you are to get there: trust Jesus, love Him, obey Him; He will be everything to you the more you go to Him; He is an unchanging Friend as well as a glorious Saviour. To His care I commend you, earnestly praying that He may teach you and guide you into all truth, and be your Saviour from all sin, and your comfort in all affliction.—Believe me to remain,

"My dear young friend,

"Your affectionate teacher,

"MARTHA DEYLAND."

The question of a successor next occupied her anxious and prayerful thought, and when an appointment was made that commended itself to her judgment and feeling, a burden seemed at once removed from her mind, and

prayer for the class with their new teacher became her daily delight.

For four months she was confined to her chamber. One unfavourable symptom after another appeared, and was noticed by her with all the calmness of any ordinary discovery. The writer of these memorials will never forget the precious seasons enjoyed in the chamber of this afflicted one. Never was the promise more signally illustrated than in her case, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." There was no rapturous joy, but a constant tranquillity—a calm and sure resting on Jesus—a supreme desire to honour Him even in the furnace of affliction, and a longing to be with Him. How her eye brightened, and her countenance beamed with deathless beauty, as she spoke of Him, or was reminded of His presence, and sympathy, and succour! Truly was He all her salvation and all her desire.

To secure the perfect quiet which was recommended or enjoined by her medical adviser only a very few friends had the privilege of seeing her during her last illness. Every new visitor caused a temporary excitement which was prejudicial to her. Yet scarcely a single day

passed without the arrival of some little token of loving remembrance, from one or other of those in whose spiritual instruction and welfare she had taken so deep an interest. These souvenirs she had placed in her room where she could see them as she lay on her couch. Of all the tokens of affection conveyed to her she especially appreciated little bouquets of flowers, which were very frequently sent, assigning as the reason of her preference, that "they not only showed the affectionate kindness of her young friends, but helped, at the same time, to turn her thoughts to the Saviour who made them so fragrant and so beautiful."

It was a great comfort to her that her medical attendant was one who had long been known and loved as a faithful disciple of the Lord Jesus. Thus, on the loftiest themes he could hold sacred converse with his patient. In some reminiscences with which he has kindly supplied me, Dr. Cooke says:—

"During some months of the illness that ended in her death, I was in almost daily attendance on her. It will be evident, therefore, that I must have known her under those circumstances which peculiarly try disposition and develop character.

"In her manners she was remarkably easy and confiding. Her countenance was usually lighted up with intelligent cheerfulness. Although compelled to complain, smiles associated themselves with her complainings. When, by questioning, pain or weakness was acknowledged, she always seemed afraid of making too much of personal suffering. As a result of these interrogations sometimes tears would flow; not from what she suffered, but from the fear that she had confessed too much, or that so much had been discovered as to lead to a temporary prohibition of Christian services in which her happiness so greatly consisted. It was her piety, and the benevolent affections, which, even under bodily indisposition, gave so pleasing an expression to her face.

"Of course our interviews were not wholly occupied in conversation about herself. The Bible was her constant companion, and she had made herself extensively acquainted with its precious contents. Not unfrequently she had either questions to propose in relation to some difficulty she may have met with, or she had something to communicate of portions that had been a recent solace to her, and either would lead to pleasant conversations. She was deeply

interested in talking of the young people in her Bible-class, and it was no small addition to her comfort, on the sick and dying bed, that she could refer to instances in which God had made her the honoured instrument of awakening concern for salvation in the hearts of her young friends, leading, in some cases, she hoped, to genuine conversion. Occasionally, when I entered the sick-chamber, a young girl or young woman had to withdraw. My patient, perhaps, had to wipe away tears; she would then say, 'That is one of my dear girls.' The affectionate concern of the teacher, with her prayerful anxiety for the spiritual welfare of the Bible pupil, and the returned love and gratitude of the privileged young visitor, were enough to account for the emotion and tears.

"In the later period of her illness, when a fatal issue was apparently inevitable, Sir James Clarke visited her in consultation. She received him with her usual calmness, answered his questions without the least indication of alarm as to their tendency; indeed, she looked bright and undisturbed, notwithstanding the momentous inference she was constrained to draw from the reserve of the kind and distinguished physician. On retiring with me into the adjoining

room, he expressed in warm terms his admiration of the beautiful evidence of Christian support the patient yielded.

"She was always very considerate of those who attended or waited on her; and especially that their Sunday privileges should not be interfered with by any attention to her that could be avoided. She usually requested that I would not call on Sunday, as she would send to me if increased suffering required it."

The symptoms of approaching dissolution rapidly multiplied; her feeble frame was racked and shaken by fits of violent coughing, which greatly prevented rest and sleep. Yet no murmur escaped her, and she spoke about the end with all the quiet calmness and hope of one who knew in whom she had believed, of one who was about to take the last journey homeward. As long as she had strength she used to sit up in bed with her class-book before her containing the names of those who had been under her instruction, and to wish to be left alone and undisturbed for an hour. That hour was spent in prayer for the members of the class individually —an hour, the results of which will not be known till the last great day. We are sure it could not be "spent in vain."

Only eight days before her death she wrote in pencil to her earliest and most cherished friend, Miss M—— G——, "I am not what people call joyous; just peaceful, calm; knowing that Jesus will be all, and is all, that I need. It is months since I wrote a note. I suffer intensely most of my time, and can but just say, 'My Saviour, help me, give me patience.' Your little book* has been invaluable. I have needed no other. This is a selfish note, but I knew you would like to hear from me. Farewell, dearest, every blessing rest on you. Ask for me patience. Jesus is ALL to us, is He not? I can write no more,—Your MARTHA."

In the near prospect of decease Miss Dryland calmly and methodically made every necessary arrangement regarding the distribution of trinkets and books among her friends. These she neatly folded up and addressed, to be delivered after her death. In one case, one of the last acts of a dear friend, before she joined Martha in heaven, was to open one of these little parcels addressed to herself, while she with difficulty was made aware from whom it came.

During her lengthened illness, amidst great and almost constant suffering, she was never

* A book of Scripture Texts, in large print.

heard to utter a complaint. One anxiety only was expressed regarding death, that if it were her heavenly Father's will her departure might not take place in one of those violent fits of coughing with which she was frequently visited. On one such occasion, which shook her feeble frame very much, she said to a friend who stood by her bedside, "I thought Jesus had come for me then—did not you?" In the evening of the same day, when her medical attendant called, she said, with all her accustomed vivacity, "You see I am not gone yet; I am sorry to give you so much trouble;" adding shortly after, "Jesus will reward you all for your kindness to me."

The last Sabbath she spent on earth was in great weakness, so that she felt she could not last long. When her attendant came in dressed and ready to go to the sanctuary, Martha said to her, "Thank you, Jane, for all your kindness. Good-bye. Come and kiss me, for I shall be in heaven, perhaps, before you return. Jesus will take care of you now." Her end, however, was not quite so near as she anticipated. On the following Tuesday evening her attendant read to her at intervals, as she was accustomed to do, and Miss Dryland occasionally made some de-

vout or thoughtful remark on the passages read. As the night advanced she sunk into a dosing state, though perfectly conscious at times, and quite cheerful and happy. Early on Wednesday morning she had a slight return of her cough, which, however soon subsided, and as she sat up in bed she quietly said, "I think I am going now." She looked round with a look of earnest and fond affection on those who were with her, and then seemed to fall into a gentle sleep. Gradually her breathing became fainter, and so calmly did she pass away, that those who watched by her bedside were not conscious that her spirit had gone to be with Christ, until the chill of death made it apparent that she was absent from the body and present with the Lord.

Thus died Martha Dryland, going to Him whom she had loved, and with whom she longed to be, dying like,—

"Daylight in the west,
Sinking like weary waves at eve to calm untroubled rest."

Her end was peace; and now she sleeps in Jesus till the morning of the resurrection.

Her remains were interred in the beautiful

cemetery at Norwood, amidst the tears and sighs of many. As the funeral cortege entered the chapel at the cemetery, it was deeply affecting to see about forty young women, all attired in mourning, ranged on both sides of the building, and most of them weeping. These had all been at some time members of her Bible-class, and thus spontaneously showed their strong attachment to her. She lived in their affections, and lives still; for in many a heart the name of Martha Dryland is embalmed with gratitude and love.

THE END.

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